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Oh Dear, How I long to get Married

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O DEAR, HOW I LONG TO GET MARRIED

I am a damsel so blooming and gay,
Along with the maidens must mingle,
How shocking it is, lack-a-day!
When a maiden is compell'd to live single.
My age it is twenty and three,
In wedlock I fear I've miscarried,
So I pray get a husband for me,
O dear, how I long to get married.
CHORUS.—I'm tired of lying alone.

There's Victoria our blooming young Queen,
Her money brought suitors in plenty,
She got married one cold winter's day,
When she was just turned twenty.
But now she has got girls and boys,
In her arms in the park for to carry,
Is there no one in want of a wife?
O dear, how I long to get married.

When I go to my bed every night,
I like an old witch begin grumbling,
I'm tossing and capering about,
I'm mumbling, tumbling, and fumbling,
I can't stay alone by myself,
Too long for a husband I've tarried,
Married women may say what they please,
O dear, how I long to get married.

I would marry a tinker or sweep,
A weaver, a cobbler, or tailor,
A coalheaver, a butcher, or baker,
A spinner, a sailor, or tailor.
If he'd never a shirt to his back,
Or a nose to his face, I'd him carry,
To church any day in a crack,
O dear how I long to get married.

When I walk out alone from my home,
The thought of a husband affects me
There's no one for me to console,
Nor a friend in the world to protect me.
O'erwhelm'd with sorrow and woe,
Because long for a husband I've tarried,
I'm frown'd on wherever I go,
O dear, how I long to get married.

I'll hang myself up to a tree,
Before I much longer tarry,
Will no one take pity on me,
O dear, how I long to get married.
What a shame for a maiden like me,
In the prime of my life I'm lamenting,
Moping about like a goose,
Sweet twenty-three and repenting.

I will make a most excellent wife,
Clean up the plates and the dishes,
And when I put my husband to bed,
Wash his shirt and repair his old breeches.
His breakfast unto the bed side,
Every morning so speedily I'd carry;
I'd help him to dress besides,
O dear, how I long to get married.

I will clean up the passage and floor,
And make every thing neat on the table,
Nothing would please me so well,
As to give him a rock in the cradle.
It's a shame for a maiden like me,
So long for a husband to have tarried,
No pleasure at all can I see,
O dear how I long to get married.